The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



WOULD MAKE HER HUSBAND PREMIER

Ambition of American Wife for Son of Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

RISE RAPID SINCE MARRIAGE.

Prior to His Union With Ethel Burns "Lulu" Was Nonentity, Now He Is Cabinet Minister.

Special Correspondence.

ONDON, Aug. 15.—If Lewis Vernon Harcourt, or "Lulu" Harcourt, as he is generally called, does not some day become prime minister of England it certainly will not be the fault of his American wife. In fact, it is said to be Mrs. Harcourt's definite ambition to see her husband filling this exalted office. Five or six years ago, he was little more than the son of his father, the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt, a doughty Liberal statesman. Today he is a cabinet minister and so highly thought of by his colleagues that to him was en-trusted the task of introducing the land bill, the measure with which the Liberal government expects to bring the house of lords to its knees. Since he entered parliament in 1904 he has forged to the front faster than any other man in the house of com-

To the majority he is something of an enigma inasmuch as he showed absolutely no promise and not a vestige of brilliancy or ambition until after his marriage to Miss Ethel Burns, a niece of J. Pierpont Morgan. Bu they are not aware that herein lies the whole secret of his rapid rise to fame in British politics. By nature a lazy man and practically devoid of ambition it was his wife's influence bition, it was his wife's infl which drew forth his latent gifts. own ambition, her ceaseless encour-agement of his smallest efforts, her untiring enterprise worked as a charm on a temperament fortunately adapta-

ble to the right influence.

LULU "DONE" IT. "I say Lulu, you just go and do what I tell you," is an admonition perpetually used by Mrs. Harcourt and is laughingly quoted by their friends on all sides. "Lulu" has in-variably "done" what his wife has told him and according to his own words she has never been wrong it her advice. Is it any wonder in the circumstances that he has wha amounts to a superstitious fear of acling contrary to her suggestions and never known to undertake any im portant step without consulting her His most enthusiastic admirers in the cabinet of today will tell you i the cabinet of today will tell you it would have taken most men with the Right Hon. "Lulu's" qualifications a good quarter of a century to have arrived at the position he holds in English polities. A great deal has been said about the influence of Jennie Jereme in the political career of the late Lord Randolph Churchill but it cannot compare in significance with that of Mrs. Harcourt in connection with the first comfaissioner of works. Mrs. Harcourt's power is all the more Mrs. Harcourt's power is all the more remarkable as she has never posed as being a brilliantly intellectual wo-man while Lady Randolph Churchill's

qualifications in that direction are an admitted fact. "LULU" NOT BUMPTIOUS.

Moreover Mrs. Harcourt had to tackle in "Luju" far less promising material than that furnished by Randolph Churchill, who from the schoolroom proved almself ambitious. He also possessed a Portain helpful bumptiousness which Luju totally lacked. When Luju Harcourt married he was an abnormally

shy and reserved man, and cared nothing for society. Like his father before him, he was accounted a disagreeable man with no capacity for making friends. He used to say that if you wanted to make him thoroughly miserable you mighth place him in a drawing room and expect him to be polite to women. Today "Lulu" is a squire of dames. His wife realizing the importance and the power of women in politics has succeeded in teaching him how necessary it is for him to learn to say necessary it is for him to learn to say soft nothings to them.

WIFE DRESSED HIM.

Another of his shortcomings was his absolute indifference to dress, "This won't do," thought Mrs. Harcourt, and won't do," thought Mrs. Harcourt, and she forthwith arranged to dress her new lord and master with the result that to day he is the second best dressed may in either house of parliament, the palm being given to "Bobby" Spencer, the present Lord Althorp who is also lore chamberlain. It was only the other day Mrs. Harcourt remarked to an intimate "I certainly have cultivated Lulu taste in dress, but nevertheless I sti have not only to order every stitch is wears from his stockings to his neckti but I have also to see him fitted. Wen

I not there to do so he would becor quite as lax as of old." KING COPIED "LULU."

A year ago, the king was credited with the fashion of wearing a tie and stockings of the same hue. As a matter of fact, it was Mrs. Harcourt who instituted the notion for her husband and the king copied it.

STANDS IN WITH LABOR.

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As a hostess Mrs. Harcourt has always shown a certain independence in the selection of her guests, yet ever keeping in view the necessity of gathering around the right element as represented in the people who were likely to prove useful in her husband's career. To the labor party and their wives she is a bright and particular star and by them is voted the most charming woman of the great body of Liberal hostesses. Long before John Burns and his wife and other of his followers were ever invited to Buckingham palace and Windsor they were welcome guests at the Harcourt town mansion. When the king was told of this his remark was "What a joily clever and diplomatic woman that Mrs Harcourt is." Very soon afterwards some of the labor members and their womenkind were invited to partake of

some of the labor members and their womenkind were invited to partake of his majesty's hospitality.

Volumes might be written about the difficulties of the political hostess in England. Pitfalls await her at every turn. By the least lapse of tact the substitute of display of feeling she can of slightest display of feeling she can of fend; mortally wounded vanity wi soud her husband's supporters right t the other side. Unless a woman is born diplomat, it is far wiser for he not to interfere in the realm of poli tics at all.

Of all the political hostesses none ha more independence of spirit than Mr. Harcourt yet, amazing to relate, sh never makes enemies—high or low. T the political hostess, resourcefulness is a gift of the gods. It was once exem-plified in a most remarkable manner when Mrs. Harcourt organized a mem-orable party which is to this day a standing joke in the Harcourt family and sends "Lulu" into fits of laughter when it is mentioned.

and sends "Luin" into its of laughter when it is mentioned.

This gathering took place when he was contesting a certain constituency. For business purposes the Harcourt took a country house in the thick of things and Mrs. Harcourt conceived the idea of giving a masked garden party at 9 o'clock at night! Masks were suggested in the hope that the swagger country families might not swagger country families might no recognize the tradespeaple of the loca towns whom the hostess had also in vited with the object of securing the votes for her husband. And she fixed on 9 o'clock to make assurances doubt

sure.

Mrs. Harcourt despatched a special messenger to a famous theatrical costumer in Covent Garden for 1,500 masks. It was found, however, that when every shop in London had been searched, the necessary number was not forthcoming. But the lady was equal to the emergency. She wired to Paris for the number that were lacking and in discourse they arrived.

The tradespeople were immediately fascinated at the idea of a masked party. They had never been to anything of the kind in their lives, When the time came the gardens were exquisitely illuminated and everyone who

(Continued on page fourteen.)

Famous English Prelate Who is a Hustler.

Dr. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, Who Will Arrive in America Next Month, Works Harder Than Any Other Man in the English Church and is Too Busy to Bother About Dignity-Doesn't Look Like a Bishep and Deesn't Act Like One.

ONDON, Aug. 17,-As a class Eng-

lish bishops are neither strenuous nor excessively popular with the masses, but there are some xceptions to this rule, and the most otable of them is the Right Rev. Arnur Foley Winnington Ingram, bishop f London. He is by long odds the nost popular and the hardest workng bishop in England. As will gens printed, he is crossing the Atlantic shortly, and will attend the general Episcopal convention, which opens at Richmond, Va., on Oct. 2. He has the

Richmond, Va., on Oct. 2. He has the most picturesque personality of any of the dignitaries of the established church, and in view of his approaching visit some account of him may be of interest to American readers.

The popular notion of a hishop is a man with a pempous manner, a portly frame and spindle-shanked legs clad in galters. Barring the galters, Dr. Ingram does not look a bit like this type, which irreverent English cartoonists have made so familiar. He is slight, spare and Ican. He is always on the move, which keeps him trained down like an athlete. He is too rushed to bother about dignity. For the same reason he is indifferent to his personal appearance. His hat always looks as if it would extinguish him. His collars don't fit. Enthusiastic maiden ladies describe his face as that of a mediaeval saint. If the typical face for a mediaeval saint is thin and brown and expresses a mingled keenness, kindness and humor, then the bishop has one. In all probability he never has thought about it himself.

BUSIEST MAN IN LONDON.

He has the well-merited reputation of keeping lusier than any other man in London: Certainly no cabinet minister or member of parliament works so hard for his country as Dr. Ingram does for his church. But hard work never troubled him. He is used to it. He is one of the few men who owe their position on the Episcopal bench entirely to hard work. He worked hard at Oxford, asking both an excellent degree in the schools and on the river, for he was a fine oursman. He worked hard as a clergyman in the west of England, where he showed that he was a mar to be reckoned with. He worked harder still when at the age of 30 he became the I and of Oxford house, one of the pioneer college settlements in the east end—the slum end—of London.

It was there he developed his organizing capacity. It was there he learned how to use men to upilift their less fortunate fellow creatures. It was he who induced many of the public schools to take a hand in "settlement work." so that they each undertook, in part at least, to support a club. Personal, not vicarious, work was his method of get-He has the well-merited reputation ast, to support a club. Personal, not carlous, work was his method of get-og hold of people in the east end d they are a particularly difficult los

"FOOT-AND-DOOR TRICK."

"FOOT-AND-DOOR TRICK."

The "feot-and-door trick." as he called it, was one that he then learned to perform with considerable success, and, he once declared, "every elergyman who understands not only his own business, but what is more important, his Master's business, must learn to practise." It is an example of getting an inch in order to take an ell. When the clergyman calls, as Dr. Ingram owce explained, "after some time a little girl opens the door, and you hear a voice from the washtub at the back ask, 'Who is that, Sally?' Sally shouts back, 'Please, mothe, it's Religion'"—a phrase which the bishop believes needs all a man's presence of mind to combat. With the door opened the elergyman gently insinuates his foot between it and the doorpost, so that it cannot be shut easily, and thus he gets a chance of speaking for a few minutes at all events, thought it is, "ruination to the boots and sometimes hurts the toes."

TOTAL ABSTAINER. Most bishops preach temperance, but don't practise total abstinence. Dr. Ingram does both. He believes in tectotalism for itself and regards'it as an indispensable qualification in any one who wishes to advance the cause of temperance among the intemperate. At a meeting of workmen, one day, he was discussing the usual question when one of the men shouted, "Are you a 'tot'?" "Of course I am," was the response. "All right, then," said the workman: "fire away. If you wasn't.

workman; "fire away. If you wasn't, I wouldn't listen to you." Dr. Ingram won the real affection of the poor people "down east" by his genuine kindness, his free and easy manners with them and by acting always up to his motto, "Don't be afraid to be human." He often salutes an irreclaimable old ruffian with a genial. "Hello, old boy!" On one occasion he lent a seedy individual his great coat and it never returned. He has been censured by a parochial relief committee for giving away half crowns too freely and indiscriminately. freely and indiscriminately.

DEBATES WITH INFIDELS.

anathemas upon them, he has frequently engaged in open-air debates with them in the parks on Sundays. And if they did not always find his logic convincing, they learned to esteem and respect the man. As illustrating his relations with them a friend of his tells and spect the man. As litustrating his relations with them a friend of his tells an anecdote. On one occasion he was with Dr. Ingram at a bustling railway station when the bishop was accosted by a somewhat imposing dignitary of the church who entered into grave talk with him. Suddenly Dr. Ingram said, "Pardon me." and hastening after a with him. Suddenly Dr. Ingram said, "Pardon me," and hastening after a rough-looking man who was passing, hailed him heartily, and the greeting was as heartily returned. "Whoever was that?" asked the elder dignitary, somewhat pompously when Dr. Ingram had rejoined him. "Oh," was the reply, "that's one of the eleverest of my infidel opponents in Victoria park. We always have a chat when we meet," "You don't mean that he is an athelst, surely?" was the horrified response. "Yes," said Dr. Ingram, "I do, or at all events, he fancies he's one, but he is such a pleasant fellow and there is a lot that is good in him." And then, with a grave pause, he added, "And goodness can have only one source." goodness can have only one source."

SUBJECT OF POETRY.

Dr. Ingram worked harder than ever when in 1897 he was made suffragan hishop of Siepney, one of the most pepulous and peorest of the big London boroughs. At this time he never thought of using carriages or cabs, but did his rushing about on street carsor "trams," as they are called hereand by means of the democratic "underground." In the latter case, more and by means of the democratic anderground." In the latter case, moreover, he patronized the third-class compartments, just as his humble parishioners did. instead of "going first," and more often than not carried his frugal luncheon with him and dispatched it between stations. In fact, a Punch poet case made him say: ce made him say:

For luncheon I swallow a sandwich of

As I rush up the stairs of a White-chapel tram: Or, with excellent appetite, I will dis-

A halfpenny bun on a Waterloo 'bus.

No table in snow with damask for me: My cloth is the apron that covers my knee.

No man-servants serve, no kitchen-maids dish up The frugal repast of this suffragan bishop.
"How do you manage to get through it all?" somebody once asked him. PROBLEMS OF LONDON.

"By taking each little duty-trivial enough in itself, perhaps—as the great and insistent concern of the day," he answered. "If I go to a workhouse service and the dear old inmates honor me with a sevenfold 'Amen,' I am content to regard that service as one of the central duties of the day. If one thought of the problems of London as a whole—if one could see all the misery and hunger and wickedness and evil in one single flash of the eye—why, one

one single flash of the eye-why, one

would go mad. The thing is to take each duty separately, to believe that every word counts and to leave the rest in the hands of our Father." HIS SALARY IS \$50,000.

Six years ago Dr. Ingram was made a full-fledged bishop with the whole see of London to rule over and a seat in the glided chamber as one of the lords spiritual. It was a great change for the frugal bachelor. In lieu of a plain dwelling in the midst of the slums his residence was now Fulham palace, a great big place with no less than forty-four bedrooms and set in spacious and beautiful grounds. An other mansion in St. James' squar-which would rent for \$5,000 a year was James' square which would rent for \$5,000 a year was added to his Episcopal domain. His salary was raised to \$50,000 a year—which is the highest salary paid to any bishop. He didn't want the palace and he didn't want the mansion, but they went with the job and he had to take them, although he protested that he would much prefer living in a simple flat and dividing his income among the poorer clergy. That he could not have his way affords an illustration of the many anomalies that discredit the the many anomalies that discredit th Church of England and render its dis establishment some day inevitable,

DOES NOT PAY EXPENSES.

As a matter of fact, with such needlessly costly establishments to maintain, his big salary does not suffice to pay his expenses. Some years ago, with characteristic courage and frankness, he published a balance sheet showing just how the money goes. It shows that since he left the slums for a palace he has been growing poorer at the rate sometimes of considerably over \$1,000 a year. How he contrives to keep out of the bankruptcy court is a secret known perhaps to a few of his wealthy friends. There have been many bishops in the Church of England who have managed to lay up considerable treasures on earth as well, presumably, as in heaven, but the bishop of London is not one of them. DOES NOT PAY EXPENSES.

HUSTLES HARDER THAN EVER. As bishop of London he hustles hard er now than ever before. He rises a an hour when most servants are stil abed, and seldom retires before mid night. The head of innumerable so cieties, and with the most populous dio cieties, and with the most populous diocese in the world in his charge, the demands on his time are incessant. It is purely to save time that he now uses a motor car or a horse and carriage to get around London instead of traveling in the lumbering 'hus or street car. He does most of his reading and composes his sermons and addresses while driving through the streets of the metropolis to or from his numerous engagements. His carriage and motor car are fitted with an electric lamp so that he can read by night while on the go. But he bothers himself as little as ever about dignity.

HE GOES SLUMMING.

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The humble folk in the East End see much more of him than the opu-ent West Enders. Some time ago he spent several hours in one of the in-irmaries of slumdom. Hearing that among the inmates was an old woman who boasted of having danced with nim when he was running the Oxford who boasted of having danced with him when he was running the Oxford House Settlement, he insisted on seeing her. Clasping the hands episcopal, she reminded him that he could not at first get the young ladies to give him a turn; and added, admiringly: "Lor". Mr. Ingram, ain't you get on! Who'd a thought it!" And the bishop laughed heartily, recognizing a kindred spirit who was not afraid to be human.

Leaving Fulham palace in his motor car the other day he encountered a cabinetmaker who had just finished a ob at the episcopal residence.

ASKED HIM TO RIDE. "Which way are you going?" asked the bishop.
"To Poplar, where I live," answered
the workman.

the workman.

"Then jump in and come along with me. I'm off to fill an engagement down there myself."

It is a singular proof of his power to adapt himself to the varying sec-

tions of humanity that go to the making of the multitudinous life of his vast diocese that he is equally a favorite in Buckingham Palace and in the siums of Whitechapel. He wins by sympathy, he conquers by his great humanity. He is in no sense a great scholar; he has been far too busy for that, and for hair-splitting theology he cares not a jot, but he understands human nature and its needs, and he knows how to get a hearing for his message.

AMONG WORKINGMEN. ,

A remarkable instance of this wa witnessed at the great workingmen's meeting held at the church congress a few years ago. There was a vast hall crowded from end to end with keen, Hurd-headed artisans, and confronting them in unserried ranks were rows upon rows of entired hishons. rows upon rows of gaitered bishops, deans and archdeacons—the personi-fication of the stiff, starchy conven-tionalism of the Anglican church. The force of contrast could hardly further go. Suddenly a tall, slight, keen-faced clean-shaven man with a bright smile nd an irresistible magnetism about him sprang to his feet, and in the twinkling of an eye a great roar of applause rattled up to the very rafters The bishop of London was about to address the Northampton shoemakers. He began quite easily by recalling

of his early experience in the FIRST EXPERIENCE.

"I remember," said he, "my first Sunday in Bethnal Green. I addressed a meeting of 500 men, and at the end of the services I said to them: "'Well, now, what shall we talk about next Sunday?'

"And immediately 500 voices yelled out: 'Eternal panishment!'

"Eternal punishment!" cried "Eternal punishment!" cried the bishop, with a light tone of laughter in his pleasant voice, "that was a nice little subject to hurl at a young man who was out 'on his own' for the first time in his life. And then, of course, they wanted to know who was Cain's wife—they always do," he added with a smile, "Well, we settled that question satisfactorily, and we buried the poor lady in Bethnal Green once and for all."

How his voice screamed with delight How his voice screamed with delight and how shocked and pained were the faces of his brother dignitaries!

But the twentieth century bishop of London knew his audience, and they knew and appreciated him. Under the circumstances it was far more to the purpose than all the scholarship and theology of the schoolmen and the early fathers. It was human, and that is what the bishop is so pre-eminently himself. y himself.

HIS ONLY ROMANCE.

HIS ONLY ROMANCE.

The bishop is verging on 50. He is regarded now as a confirmed bachelor. He has had his romance. When he was bishop of Stepney, Lady Ulrica Duncombe, a beautiful girl and the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Feversham, was going through a course of slumming. She had fitted herself for the work by qualifying in a hospital as a fully trained nurse. She and the bishop were thrown much together. In the course of time their engagement was formally announced but for some reason that was never explained, it was broken off. It has been suggested that the good bishop came to the conclusion that the life of arduous labor he had mapped out for himself allowed scant room for domestic bliss, and if called on to sacrifice one or the other the church had the superior claim on him. As regards Lady Ulrica, it has been hinted that, devout and kind-hearted though she undoubtedly is, she discovered that she yearned for something different from the life of a ministering angel of the slums. A few years ago she married Col. Everard Baring, a brother of Lord Revelstoke. brother of Lord Revelstoke.

brother of Lord Revelstoke.

At this writing the date of the bishop's departure has not yet been determined. He will go first to Canada, visiting Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and perhaps some other Canadian cities. When he leaves Canada he will make his way to Washington, stopping at various cities en route. At Washington, on Sept. 29, he will participate in the ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone of the great cathedral to be built there, and will deliver an address. From Washington he will go to Richmond. He is expected to return to London about the midde of October. de of October.

E. LISLE SNELL.

TO BE KING'S HOST COSTS BIG MONEY

George Kessler Cherishes the Ambition to Entertain Edward VII at Residence.

SOCIETY'S CIRCUS CRAZE.

Latest Pet Fad is to Own a Private Hippodrome of Performing Ani-

ONDON, Aug. 10.—Mayfair bestows a nickname on almost every one and George Kessler of New York

is now familiarly known here as "The Yankee River King." "Riversdale," the Elizabethan mansion on the banks of the Thames which he bought a while ago and renamed "New York Lodge," has now been transformed by him from a beautiful old-world louse to a sort of small edition of the Carlton hotel. The alterations were finished this week and cost £450,000.

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But money is evidently no object to Mr. Kessler. Society has been amazed at his doings and is still more amazed at a story about him which is now going the rounds. This affirms that Mr. Kessler's ambition is to entertain King Edward at "New York Lodge." He made this proffer of becoming a royal host in the proper quarter, and it is said to have been intimated that if he cared to donate half a million dollars to the king's hospital fund, in all probability his majesty would find time to go up the river and make the acquaintance of the donor for a day, perhaps a week-end.

BUYING HONORS.

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Truly I was surprised to hear the sum mentioned or that there should be any set price for the honor of receiving King Edward as a guest. Yet in view of the charges recently made in parliament that honors have been freely bought and sold, society is only too ready to believe the latest story. One is always hearing statements about the sale of honors but until lately it was generally agreed that these statements emanated from the disappointed folks. But the fact that the latest charge was made in the house of commons and that the prime minister and former prime minister burked an inquiry into the subject, has made the allegation one for serious thought. So perhaps Mr. Kessler's little "bill" is to be really half a million dollars. By the way Andrew Carnegie gave this same sum to the king's hospital fund a week or two ago. In view of the Kessler story, society is asking what significance attaches to Mr. Carnegie's gift?

PRIVATE CIRCUS CRAZE,

PRIVATE CIRCUS CRAZE,

PRIVATE CIRCUS CRAZE.

Society's very latest craze is the private circus. This is now the season of the country house party and wise women are thinking out novel means of amusing their friends. Of course, it is only the very wealthiest people who can afford to have such a thing as a private circus on tap. The first of the Americans to go in for the now fad is the Duchess of Roxburghe.

The duchess is now busying herself in collecting an astonishing number of trained animals for her circus which will be given for the special edification of the Prince and Princess of Wales when they pay their long-promised visit to Floors castle this fall. One must have some special attraction howadays at the country house otherwise the hostess cannot gather to her the long list of fashionable leaders and other desirables in exclusive society. All the luxury and magnificence in the world will not induce people these days to go to the homes of others unless they are going to be amused. Certain sets, of course, are always veady if the shooting is known to be particularly good or the bridge play is sure to ly good or the bridge play is sure to